

Engl. Theatre  
Vol. 84

THE  
**SUMMER'S TALE.**

A  
**MUSICAL COMEDY**  
**Of THREE ACTS.**

As it is Performed at the  
**Theatre Royal in COVENT-GARDEN.**

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Vox et præterea Nihil.

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LONDON:  
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MDCCXLV.

## PERSONS Represented.

### M E N.

Sir ANTONY WITHERS, Father to	} Mr. SHUTER.
FREDERICK and MARIA,	
BELLAFONT,	Mr. BEARD.
FREDERICK,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
SHIFTER, an Attorney,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
FERDINAND, BELLAFONT's Servant,	Mr. MORRIS.
PETER, Sir ANTONY's Man,	Mr. COSTELLO.
HENRY, a Country Youth,	Mr. DYER.

### W O M E N.

MARIA,	Miss BRENT.
AMELIA, disguised as CLARA,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
OLIVIA, a Relation of Sir ANTONY's,	Mrs. VINCENT.

Domesticks of Sir ANTONY, Peasants, &c.

SCENE, Sir ANTONY WITHERS's House, Garden,  
and the Country adjacent.

Time, One Day.

THE

THE  
SUMMER'S TALE.

OVERTURE, by Mr. ABEL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Garden.*

MARIA enters, followed by BELLAFONT.

AIR I. [Cocchi.]

Mar. **T**ELL me why thus you continue to woo me,  
Why with such obstinate Suit you pursue me :

Bell. Ask not why thus I am fated to woo thee,  
Why with such wearisome Suit I pursue thee.

Mar. Hopeless you ply me,  
Still must I fly thee ;  
How can I grant, what I've vow'd to deny thee ?

Bell. What tho' you fly me,  
Still if I ply thee ;  
Pity may grant what your Pride may deny me.

Mar. Tell me, &c.  
Bell. Ask not, &c. } Duetto.

BELLAFONT.

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BELLAFONT.

What whim is this, Maria? Why do you fly from me at such a rate?

MARIA.

Ridiculous Question!—So sanguine, so successful a Lover as Captain Bellafont is might have concluded, that no Woman can have any other Motive for flying from him, but the Pleasure of being pursued.

BELLAFONT.

Oh! your most humble Servant.—But really I am no match for you at these Weapons: The Dance you have led me over Hedge and Ditch, across that Walk, down the next, over this Field, round the other, might be good Sport to a slender, well-breath'd Stripling of a Lover; but to your Adorer, who is somewhat corpulent, it is actually intolerable; and I do protest to you, that if you offer to stir a Step further, I will absolutely give over the Chace.

MARIA.

Insufferable! Will no Submission satisfy you?

BELLAFONT.

Was your Flight a Proof of your Submission, I might be satisfied; but I doubt that little rebellious Heart of yours will not be subdued upon such easy Terms.

MARIA.

Upon easy Terms, depend on it I never shall submit: I have observ'd so little Complaisance after Marriage, that I shall look to receive all my Portion of it before.

A I R II.

[Lampugnani.]

*Happy, trifling, careless Lover!  
Think not you can touch my Heart,  
'Till your Sighs your Tears discover  
That you feel Love's keenest Dart.*

*When*



*When I see thee humbly lying  
Captive of my conquering Eyes,  
Weeping, sighing, fainting, dying,  
Such Submission may suffice.*

*So severe the Lover's Duty,  
Such the Trophies due to Beauty.*

In short, Mr. Bellafont, as you are so much devoted to your Ease, and I am so great a Lover of my Freedom, I fear we can never conveniently meet. I will venture, therefore, to take my Leave of you.— If you think fit to repose yourself after your Fatigues, I wou'd recommend a Seat in that Arbour to you; or, if you rather chuse to take a solitary turn down that Walk, I promise you I will not interrupt your Meditations.

BELLAFONT.

Stay, I beseech thee, Maria, if it is only 'till I can tell thee, that in Spite of all this cruel Indifference I am destined to adore thee.

MARIA.

All this is extremely well; but to be serious for a Moment.—Allow me to ask you what reasonable hope you can have that my Father will ever approve of your Pretensions? and without his Consent, I am apt to believe I shall never be desperate enough to listen to your Addresses.

BELLAFONT.

Why then, Maria, seriously I have no one Reason for hoping, but that I never in my Life cou'd despond; nor have I any Excuse for the Folly of persevering in my Addresses, except that I love you,  
and

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and have naturally a Passion for all extravagant Attempts. A Soldier of Fortune, the needy Son of a younger Brother, however noble his Extraction, can as ill expect to succeed with a Father of Sir Antony Withers's sort, as think of aspiring to a Lady of Maria's Merit and Beauty.—To delineate myself to you in one Word; my Family is noble; my Profession more so; if I was not a Man of Honour I shou'd not be the Descendent of my Father, and if I was a Coward I cou'd not be a Briton.

MARIA.

To me, Bellafont, this may be Recommendation sufficient; but my Father would ask, "What are your Possessions? where lies your Estate?"

BELLAFONT.

I have none: after having assisted our Conquests in every Quarter of the World, I must confess that there is not one Foot of it which I can call my own: my Patrimony is my Sword.

MARIA.

A very honourable Inheritance for a single Gentleman, but a mighty indifferent Jointure for a Wife!

BELLAFONT.

Had I the Possessions of my Uncle Lord Lovington, I should with Pleasure cast them at your Feet; but a Booby Cousin excludes my Hopes there; and I reap no other Fruit from his Alliance, than the Consolation to see that Avarice can make the richest Man as indigent, as Fortune has made me.—But what avails all this?—I forget it is to Maria I am speaking, who has the Art to destroy the Peace of my Bosom, without endangering her own.

A I R

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A I R III.

[Boyce.]

*See how the genial God of Day  
Salutes the warm, the blushing Year;  
Chear'd by his Beams, how bright, how gay,  
The Fields, the Groves, the Flowers appear!*

*And hark! in yonder vocal Bower  
The Turtle plies his amorous Theme,  
All Nature owns Love's mighty Power,  
And deeply drinks the quick'ning Beam.*

*And, tell me, do these Scenes impart  
No friendly Warmth to thee alone?  
Wilt thou nor give me back my Heart,  
Nor yet repay me with thine own?*

*Ab! why wou'd Nature make thee fair,  
And not dispose thee to be kind?  
To love, alas! is to despair,  
And not to love is to be blind.*

MARIA.

Hush! for Heaven's sake, here comes my Father,  
as fast as his Legs can carry him. As you seem to  
think me so very difficult of Persuasion, I will leave  
you to try your Rhetoric with him; tho', if I might  
advise, you had better make a hasty Retreat: for  
my own Part I shall escape as fast as I am able.

[Exit.

B

SCENE

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SCENE II.

BELLAFONT *withdraws to the back Scene.* Sir ANT.  
WITHERS *enters.*

A fine Morning!—Surely I heard a singing  
somewhere hereabouts in the Grove:—Let me see;  
I've stroll'd a good way from the House; I'll ev'n sit  
down a while, and pursue my Morning's Meditation.  
Well, 'tis a strange Case; but I never can repose my-  
self on this Seat without calling to mind poor dear  
Lady Withers: Ah! she's dead and gone; but I  
know not, if one of us must needs have been taken  
off, perhaps 'tis as well for me to be left behind.

BELLAFONT *advances.*

Sir Antony Withers, I'm your most humble Servant.

SIR ANTONY.

Sir!—[*starting.*]

BELLAFONT.

I beg pardon for interrupting your Meditations,  
but my Business being somewhat urgent—

SIR ANTONY.

Let it be what it will, Sir, this Surprise is not very  
civil; by my Say-so! it has disorder'd me not a  
little.

BELLAFONT.

What a fantastical old Prig it is! [*Aside.*] Is any  
thing the Matter with you pray? [*Speaking loud.*]

SIR ANTONY.

Lud! Man; don't hollow so—My Nerves won't  
bear it.—But who are you? whence come you?  
what's your Business here?

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

My Buſineſs, as I told you, Sir, is with you.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, let us hear it; it gives a Man an Air of Conſequence to be ſhort with a Stranger. [*Aſide.*]

BELLAFONT.

Sir Antony Withers, you have a Daughter—

SIR ANTONY.

Granted!

BELLAFONT.

Her Name, as I think, is Maria.—

SIR ANTONY.

It is ſo. —

BELLAFONT.

I have ſeen her, and convers'd with her: a moſt angelic Lady ſhe is!

SIR ANTONY.

I cannot ſay I am of that Opinion.

BELLAFONT.

It is on her Account I trouble you with this Viſit.

SIR ANTONY.

Humph! I gueſs'd as much.—I'll tell you what, Sir; if you will turn down by that Horn-beam Hedge on your Right Hand, and keep ſtrait along the Walk, 'twill bring you at the Bottom of it to the Garden-Gate—you'll find it open.—Pleaſe to betake yourſelf from my Premiffes, and let me never ſee your Face any more.

## A I R IV.\*

[Arnold.]

*There lies your Road—sweet Sir, adieu!  
 My Daughter is no Match for you;  
 She's gone from home; she's sick; she's dead;  
 In short, she vows she will not wed  
 To any Gentleman in Red.*

*Nay, never frown, and look so bluff,  
 You're fairly sped; you've said enough.  
 The Man who lets fly Reynard loose  
 When once he's caught him in his Noose,  
 Richly deserves to lose his Goose.*

## BELLAFONT.

I must needs tell you, Sir Antony, that this is a very abrupt manner of dismissing a Man before you know who he is: tho' I am a perfect Stranger to you myself, I have an Uncle, Lord Lovington, who I believe is not unknown to you.

## SIR ANTONY.

Lord Lovington, say you? And have you the Presumption, Sir, to rival your Uncle?

## BELLAFONT.

Rival my Uncle?—What is it you mean?

## SIR ANTONY.

Why, Sir, my Lord Lovington is an honourable Admirer of my Girl Maria, whom you are pleased to call by so many fine Names.

\* N. B. The Airs marked thus are composed for this Occasion.



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BELLAFONT.

Is he so? Ridiculous old Dotard! Egad! I must change my Battery; a sudden Thought strikes me. [*Aside.*] Sir Antony, I am overjoyed, at what I hear; I shall fly to my Uncle, and tell him what Resolutions you have taken in his Favour — 'Twill be joyful News to him.

SIR ANTONY.

Hold, hold! what is all this Haste? You are overjoy'd, and you shall fly to your Uncle; how is all this? By my say-so! I could have sworn you had been soliciting for your self.

BELLAFONT.

For myself? Ha! ha! ha! And that was the Reason you received me so very coldly!

SIR ANTONY.

It was so. Ha! ha! ha! [*Mimicking him.*]

BELLAFONT.

Very good truly! — Why, Sir, my Uncle himself is on the way hither; I do but come before by his Lordship's Orders to prepare you and the young Lady for his Reception.—He is impatient to know if his Visit will be acceptable, and will be transported with the Account I shall bring him.

A I R V. [*Arnold.*]

*With these happy Tidings fraught,  
I must hence as quick as Thought;  
Ere the Sun shall disappear,  
Expect to find a Suitor here.*

*See yon aged Elm around  
With the twining Ivy bound;  
In that Emblem you behold  
How the Young adorn the Old.*

[*Exit.*]

SIR

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SIR ANTONY *alone.*

A good sensible, well-bred, decent kind of Man, and sings a good Song. Well, if I can get this Girl married and out of the way, the greatest Trouble of my Life will be over.—Why there now ! there's that Wench Clara ! that Girl is another of my Plagues.—The bewitching Jade ! she has scarce been a Month in this Neighbourhood, and yet — What does that Clown Henry do for ever at her Heels ? The Fellow guards her as warily as a Shepherd's Cur does his Master's Hut.—She's gone towards the House ; I'll slip down this Walk and meet her.—Well, if I light on her alone, I'll tell her a Piece of my Mind.—And yet this confounded oppressive Weather !—I wou'd the Glas wou'd rise ! *[Goes down a Side Walk.*

SCENE III.

CLARA and HENRY *enter again.*

CLARA.

Do, good Henry, take my Cloak and Pattens, and wait for me at the Garden Gate ; we shall very likely meet the old Knight again in our way to the House, and I know he won't be pleased with seeing thee in the Garden.

HENRY.

Let him chuse ; so long as I can be of any Service to you, I don't mind his Huffing.

CLARA.

Thank you, Henry, but there can be no sort of Danger.

HENRY.

The Yard-dog may frighten you ; and if I was by, I shou'd be apt to gee him a flick, for all his Worship.

CLARA.

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CLARA.

No, no; he's always tied up in the Day-time, and you know there are no other Dogs belonging to the House, but little Shock, and he has got no Teeth.

HENRY.

Well, I shou'd be sorry to have any thing happen, and I not at hand to assist you.—But I won't be troublesome; I hope I know better than so.—I'll take your Things then with me, and stay at the Gate we came in at.

CLARA.

Do so my Lad; I'll soon return.

HENRY.

Oh! as for the matter of that, use your pleasure; don't think much of my Time; I can't spend it better than in serving you. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*Sir ANTONY calls to CLARA as she is going out.*

Hift! Clara! Mrs. Clara! Hem! Whither away so fast, pretty Maid?

CLARA.

Oh! Sir Antony, I beg pardon; I was stepping to the House to enquire for Mrs. Olivia, who I understand is there.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, well, Mrs. Olivia won't be gone, and I shou'd be glad to speak a few Words to thee, that's all.

CLARA.

What are your Commands, pray Sir?

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

I don't know what to say !— Why do you look so grave, Child ? How do the good People, where you board, behave to you ? I hope my Tenant Farmer Greygoose and his Family do their best to please you ; I shou'd be much offended with them if they did not.

CLARA.

Oh ! Sir, they are the best Folks in the World, and the most obliging.

SIR ANTONY.

I hope you have recovered the Accident that has confined you in these Parts ; the Hurt that you received by the Fall from your Horse, I mean— (Ceremony upon these occasions is nothing more than a civil Excuse for not being rude.) [Aside.]

CLARA.

Perfectly, I thank you, Sir Antony ; insomuch that I think of taking leave of the Farmer this very Day.

SIR ANTONY.

Marry Heaven forbid it ! You wou'd not leave us, Clara ; you must not—— Stay, stay !—I have something to say to you —Odslids ! what am I going to do ? —Why I was thinking— Gadsbud ! sure I am running mad.

A I R VI.

[Potenza.]

*My Passion confounds me,  
Such Beauty surrounds me,  
Such numberless Charms :  
I gaze, I desire,  
My blood is on fire,  
Oh ! come to my Arms !*

CLARA;

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CLARA.

Alas! poor Gentleman, I am afraid you are not well: Do, dear Sir, retire to your Chamber; wrap your Head up warm; your Imagination has been greatly heated.—Shall I call any body to help you into the House, Sir?

## A I R VII.

*O naughty naughty Garden!  
What ail'd me to come in it?  
I pray your Worship pardon,  
I must away this Minute.*

*I must away:*

*Farewell! good Day!*

*Sir Antony, pray, excuse me:  
The more a Damsel views thee,  
The surer she'll refuse thee.*

*Nay, let me pass;*

*Oh fie! alas!*

*You'd nearly caught a Fall, Sir:*

*Good lack? if this be all, Sir,*

*I'll be within your Call, Sir.*

[Exit.

SIR ANTONY *alone.*

Well, go thy ways for this Time.—What a twitter has this put me into, and all to no purpose!—I did not think she cou'd have resisted me; but, all things consider'd, perhaps, 'tis better as it is; since 'tis more than probable, I might have found it easier to conquer her Scruples, than my own. [Exit.

C

SCENE



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SCENE V.

*An Apartment in Sir ANTONY's House.*

OLIVIA, MARIA.

OLIVIA.

Depend upon it, Cousin Maria, 'tis as I tell you :  
your Heart is further engaged than you imagine.  
You love this Bellafont without knowing it.

MARIA.

Now cou'd I hate you, Olivia, heartily for discovering  
a Secret, that I wished to have concealed from  
all the World ; nay, if possible, from myself : But I  
was telling you of our last Adventure in the Garden ;  
I own I am impatient to know how he got off from  
my Father.

OLIVIA.

Why indeed, my dear Child, when I think of your  
Father in this Affair, I own I tremble for you. I have  
known my old Friend and Neighbour too long to be-  
lieve that any Merit can prevail with him, which  
has neither a Title to flatter his Vanity, nor Wealth  
to bribe his Avarice.

MARIA.

Heigh ho ! I begin to perceive I have play'd the  
Fool.

A I R VIII.

[Bertoni.]

*O Love, tyrannic God, whose fatal Dart  
Subdues all Nature to its proud Controul ;  
I feel thy vengeful Shaft transfix my Heart,  
And yield to thee the Empire of my Soul.*

OLIVIA.



OLIVIA.

Well, Maria, you are not the first Daughter who has ventur'd to dissent from her Father in the Choice of a Lover. And why not dissent?—I am persuaded Nature means our Inclinations to be free, tho' Law enslaves them.—So that after all, if you have fixt your Affections on Captain Bellafont—

MARIA.

O frightful!—Fixt my Affections, Madam?—

OLIVIA.

Come, come, you are too honest to be a Coquette: Friendship and Affinity give me a Right to know your Heart, and make your Concerns and those of your Family in a Manner my own. You know I have no Cares in this Life, but for your Brother and you: he, poor Lad, has unhappily fallen in Love with Amelia Hartley, who it seems has prefer'd another before him, and is, as I hear, married.

MARIA.

So he writes me Word; but he is expected every Hour, and we shall then hear the whole of this unlucky Affair.

PETER *enters*.

Madam, his Honour wou'd have you come to him in the Library directly.

MARIA.

Very well, Peter, tell my Father I'll wait on him.—  
[Exit Peter.] So! so! I shall have a fine Lecture I warrant you.

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OLIVIA.

Come Maria, keep up your Spirits ; I am persuaded things will turn out well at last.—Go to your Father : don't be violent in opposing his Inclinations ; Time will present some Opportunity of evading them.—Above all things, my dear, I wou'd have you take no rash Resolutions against Matrimony ; let my Example deter you.

A I R IX.

[Howard.]

*Dear Girl, never trust to thy Charms,  
Youth's fugitive Season improve ;  
Oh ! take the dear Man to thine Arms,  
Nor blush at an innocent Love.*

*Too soon and that sweet rosy Bloom,  
That elegant Form shall decay ;  
That Hair like the Raven's dark plume  
Shall be silvering over with grey.*

*The Fops that now flutter around  
Shall find some more favourite fair ;  
Whilst you drop despis'd to the Ground  
With Envy consum'd and Despair.*

*Then list to the Counsel I give  
And be not by Flatt'ry betray'd ;  
Lest you shou'd be fated to live  
Like me a neglected old Maid.*

[Exit Maria.]

SCENE

## SCENE VI.

*As OLIVIA is going out she is met by CLARA.*

OLIVIA, CLARA.

CLARA.

Madam, shall I entreat your Patience for a few Minutes?—

OLIVIA.

Most readily, Child: what are your Commands?

CLARA.

I am an unhappy Woman; and as such have a Claim to your Compassion.

OLIVIA.

I have conceived a very good Opinion of you, Clara, and am sincerely sorry for any Misfortune that may have happened to you. I hope the Hurt that you received by your Fall has had no worse Effects than you at first apprehended.

CLARA.

Alas! Madam, my Injuries are of a different Nature. The Fall that I feigned to have receiv'd from my Horse, as I was travelling homewards, was nothing more than a contrived Excuse for concealing myself in these Parts. In short, Madam, I am not what I seem.

OLIVIA.

That I have long suspected, tho' I forbore to be inquisitive.

CLARA.

You must know then, Madam, that I am a Woman of good Birth, and considerable Fortune; my Name  
Amelia,

Amelia, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley. Persecuted by my Family, who wou'd have driven me into the Arms of a Man, who is my mortal Aversion, I have taken refuge here, under the Disguise that you now see me wear.

OLIVIA.

Really, Miss Hartley, your Distresses affect me, and I think you justified in the Step you have taken. Give me leave to ask you what Preference directed you to this Neighbourhood?

AMELIA.

— Alas ! Madam, your Question is a natural one, but the severest that can be asked me. What Preference directed me hither ? it was a Passion so deeply rooted in my Heart, that no Time, no Injury can displace it. 'Twas Love.—How shall I excuse it to you ?—Unhappy, disappointed Love.—O Frederick, Frederick ! dear false forgetful Youth !

A I R X.

[Russell.]

*While on Earth's soft Lap descending  
Lightly falls the feather'd Snow ;  
Nature awefully attending  
Each rude Wind forbids to blow.*

*White and pure awhile appearing,  
Earth her Virgin Mantle wears ;  
Soon the fickle Season veering,  
Her deluded Bosom bares.*

*Thus my foolish Heart believing,  
Listen'd to his artful Tongue ;  
All his Vows of Love receiving,  
On each flattering Accent hung.*

*Fondly*

*Fondly for a Time mistaken  
Love and Joy conceal'd my Fate;  
Now alas ! at length forsaken,  
Sad Experience comes too late."*

OLIVIA.

What do I hear ? Was Frederick, was young Withers thus ingrateful, thus insensible ? Let me hope, Amelia, there is some Misapprehension in this Matter : I know his Intimacy with your Brother, and that he made him a Visit this Summer of some Continuance.

AMELIA.

It was then, Madam, that my poor Bosom lost that peaceful Indifference it had ever before enjoyed. My Family were then in Treaty with the Person I mentioned to you before : intoxicated with his extravagant offers, they omitted no Measures to engage me to accept his Addresses ; nay they were desperate enough to employ Frederick to solicit me : but alas ! their Advocate ruined their Cause ; my Heart first conceived a Dislike to Lord Wealthy, and the Interposition of Young Withers confirm'd me in my Aversion.

OLIVIA.

But did Frederick betray his Commission by turning it to his own Advantage ?

AMELIA.

I cannot charge him with that Dishonour ; therein I must condemn myself : it was my own fond unguarded Heart that told him too plainly what it felt ; till one fatal moment my Father surpriz'd him kneeling at my Feet, and the next transported him from my Sight for ever.

OLIVIA.



OLIVIA.

Your Relation, my dear Amelia, is truly pitiable; but as you know not what Motives Frederick had for so abruptly leaving you, so I think you cannot positively charge him with Infidelity.

AMELIA.

Dear Madam, how kindly you console me! I own to you I have some Hopes that Frederick still remembers me, and still loves me: those Hopes conducted me hither; I find he is this Day expected home; this Event and Sir Antony's ridiculous Affiduities make it no longer possible for me to conceal myself at his Tenant's. I must therefore retire till by some means I can discover the real State of Frederick's Heart. What I have to entreat of you, Madam, is, for a short Time to afford me the Protection of your House.

OLIVIA.

Most gladly, my dear, let us betake ourselves thither this Instant, before he comes and surprizes you. I will find means of explaining your Departure to Maria. Come, my Chariot is now at the Door.

AMELIA.

Permit me, Madam, to step as far as the Garden Gate, and excuse myself to the young Farmer, who is waiting for me there with my Cloak: I'll make haste and attend you.

OLIVIA.

At your own Time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE



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## SCENE VII.

*The Outside of Sir ANTHONY's Garden: HENRY is discover'd sitting and composing a Garland of Flowers; he rises.*

I have made free with some of his Worship's Flowers; there is no Robbery in that I trust. She stays a long while methinks! sure no Accident has betided her! I am fit to think his old Honour does not bear an honest Mind towards her; he is always hankering about our House, and I am sure, before Mrs. Clara was with us, he never us'd to come to Father's, except upon Rent-day. I don't know what ails me; I am not half the Lad I was awhile ago; I neither eat, nor sleep, nor work as I us'd to do; and as for Wakes and Pastimes and such like, lackaday! I have no longer any Heart for them, or any thing else.

A I R XI.

[Lampe.]

*Why beaves my Breast with frequent Sighs?*

*Whence rises this soft Perturbation?*

*In vain my Heart each Effort tries*

*To combat its fond Inclination.*

*How helpless am I!*

*Where shall I fly?*

*Where shall poor Henry for Succour apply?*

*So fixt is the Dart,*

*Too feeble my Art*

*To assuage the unspeakable Smart.*

D

AMELIA

AMELIA *enters.*

HENRY.

Oh! ifackins! I am glad you are come, Mrs. Clara: Look here; I have been plaiting a Garland for you to wear at the Harvest-Home to-night, if you are so minded to accept it.

AMELIA.

Thank thee, Henry; I'll wear it for thy sake.

HENRY.

That's kind now.—But come, will you be walking homewards: Father and Mother will wonder what's become of us.

AMELIA.

Alas! Henry, I came to bid you farewell. Some Reasons which I can't explain to you, oblige me to take a hasty Leave of your Father and Mother, and depart this Night. Well, Henry, give me my Things.—Commend me kindly to the good Folks; tell them I'll call in the Evening, and settle Matters with them to their Satisfaction:—as for thee, my good Lad, I desire you will accept this Purse; I hope it will compensate for the Trouble I have given thee, and the Ill-will thou hast got from thy Landlord on my Account.—Why, what dost weep for, Henry?

HENRY.

My Heart's too full to tell you; and I want Understanding to express myself—but tho' I am a poor Lad, I scorn to be a mean one, and take Money. No, Mrs. Clara, I wou'd not touch your Purse, if it was full of Diamond-Jewels. I see you despise me by your Offer.

AMELIA.

Far from it, Henry, believe me; nor will I press it further upon you, as I see it hurts you.

I

HENRY.

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HENRY.

It does indeed—and not that only, but your leaving us, Mrs. Clara. I know it won't arguefy what such a simple Clown as I am can say to a Person of your Breeding—but I beseech you to tell me, wherein Father or Mother, or I have offended you ! If any thing's amiss, that they can remedy, they'll be proud to do it, I'll vouch for them—and as for me, if I be in Fault, I ask your Pardon heartily on my Knees.

AMELIA.

Nothing is amiss, nothing. Kneel not to me, young Man; your Humility, your Tendernefs oppresses me. Neither thou, nor thy Father, nor Mother, nor any of you have ever offended me : on the contrary, I owe you all, (especially thee, Henry) my Thanks for a thousand Services, which are ten times more valuable, as I am sure they spring from your Heart.

HENRY.

'Tis enough : I submit. May Heaven protect you wherever you go !

A I R XII. Duetto. [Cocchi.]

Henry. } *And must we*  
Amelia. } *Yes we must* } *part for ever ;*

*Hard Fate ! such Friends to sever,*

*So faithful and so true :*

*Go, and may Blifs betide thee !*

*Each Guardian Angel guide thee ;*

*For evermore Adieu !*

[*Exeunt.*

D 2

SCENE

## SCENE VIII.

*An Apartment in Sir ANTONY'S House. FREDERICK  
and MARIA meeting.*

FREDERICK.

My dear Sister! — [Embracing her.]

MARIA.

My dear Brother! — I am rejoiced to see you returned. How strangely Love has transformed you! still sighing for Amelia Hartley?

FREDERICK.

Oh! name her not! did you but know what I daily suffer for that lovely false one, you wou'd pity me.

A I R XIII. [Count St. Germain.]

*O fatal Day to my Repose,  
When first I saw the faithless Fair;  
No Peace my wretched Bosom knows,  
I love, alas! and I despair.*

MARIA.

My dear Frederick, was I in a Humour for Mirth, how I cou'd laugh at you now! but alas! you are not the only unfortunate one of your Family; tho' you think I have so little Notion of Love, perhaps, Brother, I may be able to give a guess at it; and o' my Conscience, I think it a very sorrowful Matter for a Girl of my Age and Spirit, to be condemned to the Arms of a Man of Threescore.

FREDERICK.

What do you mean? You to be married to a Man of Threescore?

MARIA.

MARIA.

So my good prudent Father has decreed it ; and I have this Moment received the fatal Sentence from his Lips. Judge therefore whose Fate is the hardest ; yours, in being deprived of the Woman you admire, or mine, in being destin'd to the Man I abhor ?

FREDERICK.

But to whom, for Heav'n's sake, has he destin'd thee ?

MARIA.

One you never saw, Lord Lovington.

FREDERICK.

Fortune defend you from his Embraces ! I know his Nephew Captain Bellafont intimately, and have been many times entertained with his Account of his Uncle's ridiculous Humours.—Is it possible my Father can be serious ?

MARIA.

Serious ? why he is absolute ; and his Lordship is expected this very Day.

FREDERICK.

Then Sir Antony has not seen him ?—

MARIA.

Never.

FREDERICK.

Fear nothing then ; for the Sight of him cannot fail to frighten away these absurd Resolutions in his Favour. Why, Child, he looks like a Courtier of Oliver Cromwell's ; and is in every Particular both of Manners, Dress and Address, a Character of as different a Cast from our finical Father's as possible.

MARIA.

I'm glad of it.—But you said you knew his Nephew, Captain Bellafont ; what is he ? of a Piece with his Uncle ?

FRE-

FREDERICK.

The very reverse; I do not know a more honest, good-humour'd, sprightly Fellow, and with a Heart as full of Courage as it can hold: his Failings are all either of the social or the amorous Sort; and I know no good Thing he wants, but more Discretion, and a better Fortune.

MARIA.

So, so!—

FREDERICK.

— Well, but you don't intend to obey my Father, if he shou'd be so perverse.—

MARIA.

Obey him, Frederick! no, I promise thee I shall not, while there is a Window in his House to jump out at, and a Man in the World to catch me. If he was Father and Mother both, I shou'd think my Happiness rather too great a Compliment to make him.

FREDERICK.

Well said, Maria; your Resolution gives me Spirits; but I will retire to my Chamber, and get off this travelling Dress, before I see my Father and his grave Son-in-Law.

MARIA.

Do so. [*Exit Frederick.*] Well, Maria, how is it with thee now? This Bellafont will be too hard for thee at last. My Brother's Report has done his Cause no little Service. Marry! beshrew the Fellow! Of all Things in the World, what I wish most to avoid, is falling in Love; and methinks I take every Method of throwing myself in its Way.

A I R



THE SUMMER'S TALE.

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A I R XIV. [Arne.]

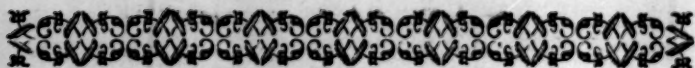
*Al! what can defend a poor Maiden from Love?  
Ye Prudes, your Expedient impart,  
This pleasing Intruder how shall I remove,  
And guard the soft Pass to my Heart?*

*Of Mothers and Wives how wretched the Lives,  
Your's alone is the sensible Plan;  
They only are blest like you who detest  
That horrible Creature call'd Man.*

*But when at our Feet the fond Wretches we view,  
How can one refuse 'em,  
Or scornfully use 'em?  
Al! was it your Case, ye coy Virgins, cou'd you?*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T



## A C T II.

## SCENE I.

— *A Table set out with Wine, Pipes, &c. Captain BELLAFONT enters with FERDINAND his Servant carrying a Bundle.*

FERDINAND.

**A**ND so, Sir, you think by dressing yourself in this old Trumpery, to pass yourself upon Madam Maria for your Uncle Lord Lovington? The Lord have Mercy upon some People's Heads!

*[Throwing the Cloaths on a Chair.]*

BELLAFONT.

I shall have no Mercy upon thine, Puppy, if you run on at this rate. But since you assume by Right immemorial a Licence of speaking to me what you please, and how you please, let me know why in your great Wisdom you object to this Scheme of mine; which, to say the Truth, was the Result of Necessity rather than Invention.

FERDINAND.

Why I object to it, Master of mine, — for every Reason under Heaven. First and foremost for the weightiest of all Reasons, because I did not propose it myself.—In short, I object to it as a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer and a Christian.

BELLAFONT.

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BELLAFONT.

Since I have nothing better upon my hands at present, I will indulge you in your prating. Tell me why you object to it as a Soldier? *[Sitting down.]*

FERDINAND.

Because as a Soldier it wou'd become you better to carry her away *Vi et Arms* (as the Saying is) and not to sneak off with her in this pitiful Disguise. You know I advis'd you to make an Irish Wedding of it, and I have station'd our old Comrade Paddy O Connor at hand here to assist you.

BELLAFONT.

A notable Contrivance truly!

FERDINAND.

O Glory! Glory! thou hast undone both me and my Master. In short, Sir, have her I wou'd, and the shortest Way is the best Way. As for this Scheme of personating Lord Lovington, I think her too worldly to marry you in your own Character, and too wise to have any thing to say to you in your Uncle's; besides, she'll discover you and expose you.—And these were my Objections as a Politician.—As to what I had to offer as a Lawyer and a Christian, as they are Characters which have nothing at all to do with each other, I will have nothing at all to do with them; and so I shall beg leave, Sir, to sing you a Song, that I learnt of an Irish Benedictine at St. Pierre's.—

E

A I R



## AIR XV.

*Ye swains so faint-hearted, who sigh for the Fair,  
 So brim-full of Love, but of Money so bare;  
 Ye Soldiers so stout, who make Slaughter your Trade,  
 Who stand to a Man, but who fly from a Maid:  
 Wou'd you conquer alike both the Fair and the Foe,  
 Strike home my dear Honey! and follow your Blow;  
 If the Damsel consents, take her strait in the Mood,  
 If not, gently force her, 'tis all for her Good.*

## SCENE II.

*A knocking at the Door. SHIFTER to them.*

BELLAFONT.

Run to the Door, Sirrah!—I expect Master Shifter the Attorney, who will be a necessary Instrument in my Design; and here he comes.—Master Shifter, I am heartily glad to see you; Sir down I pray you, Master Shifter.—Ferdinand, fill this honest Gentleman a Glass of Wine.

SHIFTER.

So, so; enough, young Man, enough! Captain, shall I crave your Business?—Time is precious—Life is but short—A Man is but a Man.—Torn to Pieces, as one may say, —pull'd Limb from Limb—up and down

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 31

down—about and about.—Fuh! [*Pulling off his Wig and wiping his Head.*] It cannot last for ever; it cannot last for ever. Sir, my humble Service to you.

[*Drinks, and begins to fill his Pipe.*]

BELLAFONT.

Master Shifter, I have a little Matter of Business wherein I want your Assistance; and as I take you for a friendly—good-humour'd—honest—obliging Fellow, I make no doubt of your complying with my Request.

[*As Bellafont repeats the Terms, friendly, &c. &c.*

*Shifter at each Word removes his Chair further from him.*]

SHIFTER.

Humph! I guess your meaning, Captain; and I believe there is no Man in the Country Practice that has better Notions of Friendship and Honesty, and all that, than myself; and when it lies in my way to do a good turn (that is, upon Consideration) I am always glad to do it; but Business must be followed, sometimes here, sometimes there. — The World is the World, and Money makes the Man.—Apropos! I suppose your Occasions look that Way; but, alackaday! the Country's drain'd—the Nation's undone — Taxes upon Taxes—such a sight of Red Coats to pay, and not a Guinea stirring; not a Guinea stirring.—Hark! I am called away.—Captain, I'll take my leave; not a Drop more, I thank you.

[*Gets up to go.*]

BELLAFONT.

Hold, hold, Master Shifter, mistake me not; I don't want to borrow; but to give away.

[*Shaking his Purse.*]



## AIR XVI. \*

[Arnold.]

*Look back, behold!  
The shining Gold;  
Come, take, and freely use it,  
Hark! hark, it chinks!  
Sweet Sound; methinks  
No Lawyer can refuse it.*

*See! here's a Bribe  
For half your Tribe,  
And will you then be jogging?  
'Tis generous Wine,  
How bright! how fine!  
Come, take another Noggin.*

*I see you relent  
'Tis enough, be content;  
Two such pleasing Allurements what Saint can withstand,  
The Glass at the Lips, and the Gold in the Hand?*

## FERDINAND.

Lord help you, Mr. Shifter, you little think what a World of Wealth my Master is possess'd of. He borrow? No, no; he never can want Money any more. Why, don't you know he served all the last War, and has got a matter of Thirty Pounds of his own proper Earnings, and 'tis all in a Purse there?

## SHIFTER.

Master Ferdinand, a Man will sometimes mistake every thing (do you apprehend me?) has two Handles, a right one and a wrong.

FERDINAND.

# THE SUMMER'S TALE. 33

FERDINAND *aside*.

And if you have two Ears, Master Shifter, take care I don't pull one of them off, before this Day's at an End.—Sure my Master won't give him his purse; I know he has not a Fellow to it in the World.

SHIFTER.

Well, Captain Bellafont, what is your Will? this Affair I must own *prima facie* look'd a little unpromising; but that Purse has a very agreeable Sound with it; shall I examine the Contents?

A I R XVII. [Granom.]

'Tis agreed; say no more;  
All my Scruples are o'er;  
I am your's, my Lad, Body and Soul:  
Thus for better, for worse,  
I join Hands with your Purse;  
And I warrant I'll manage the whole.

Fill a Glass, my brave Boy!  
What is Honour?—A Toy:  
What is Honesty, Friendship or Fame?  
Give me Gold and all these,  
I can buy when I please,  
And put beggarly Virtue to shame.

Politicians, they say,  
Only struggle for Pay,  
Each one puts up his Conscience to Sale;  
And the Patriot so nice,  
When you bid to his Price,  
May be your's for the turn of the Scale.

*Then draw out your Hoard,  
 Count it down on the Board,  
 To refuse it I won't be so mad;  
 Since there can be no doubt,  
 Shou'd one Lawyer bold out,  
 But that more of the Trade may be bad.*

BELLAFONT.

Well done, well done! the Money shall be all thine without lett or hindrance, every Guinea of it—upon certain Considerations, my Friend.

SHIFTER.

What are they, Captain? what are they?

BELLAFONT.

You know my Uncle Lord Lovington?—

SHIFTER.

Intimately—Why I hold his Courts.

BELLAFONT.

And you are well acquainted with Sir Antony Withers?

SHIFTER.

Oh! lackaday! Hand and Glove, Captain; why I am more obliged to Sir Antony Withers than to any Man living: his Father prentic'd me out to Lawyer Trickster; ay, and his present Honour has always been my Friend, wet and dry as one may say. I can never do enough for Sir Antony; I hate to be behindhand in Gratitude and good Offices to any Man.

BELLAFONT.

I am sorry the Case in Question don't exactly tally with that Gratitude you profess to Sir Antony; for, to tell you the plain Truth, I want you to assist me in robbing him.—

SHIFTER.

SHIFTER.

Robbing him?

BELLAFONT.

Ay, robbing him of his Daughter.

SHIFTER.

Who—Madam Maria?—O Lud! O Lud! the  
Wickedness of some Folks!

BELLAFONT.

Come, I make worse of this Matter than it deserves. You see those Cloaths there.—In this Transaction I shall have Occasion to personate my Uncle; and all that I require of you is to introduce me to Sir Antony Withers as Lord Lovington.

SHIFTER.

I apprehend you, Captain Bellafont; and so long as you keep within the Law, am willing to serve you upon valuable Considerations; but as I particularly pride myself upon my Gratitude to Sir Antony Withers, I shall expect a good Price for my Services upon this Occasion. If so be the Party had been an indifferent Person, I should have been more moderate; but where my Benefactor is concern'd, it is but reasonable I should be well paid. Honesty is a scarce Commodity; and where you are to purchase a Man's whole Stock, it cannot be had for a Trifle.

BELLAFONT.

Oh! the Rogue! I must stop his Mouth, or he will shame me out of my Project.—Come, Mr. Shifter, if you will step into this inner Room, while I am adjusting my Dress, we will agree upon the Price of your Conscience—Ferdinand, follow with the Cloaths.

[*Exeunt.*]FERDINAND *alone.*

If the vulgar Saying be true, that you may buy Gold too dear, what sort of Purchase must he make that bargains for a Lawyer's Conscience? [Exit.]

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*A View of the Country, with Corn Fields at a distance.*

AMELIA enters.

How my Heart flutters at the Sight of Frederick !  
He seem'd struck with my Appearance ; surely he  
will follow me : Under this Disguise I will endeavour  
to discover the real State of his Heart : should my  
Suspensions of his Falshood prove true, this distracted  
Habit will then properly become my Condition. Hah !  
he's here.— [*She puts on her Mask.*]

FREDERICK.

I follow'd you, Child, to know if you stood in  
need of any Assistance.—Who are you ? and why do  
you wander about mask'd, and in that fantastical  
Habit ?

AMELIA.

Save you, Sir, may the Sun-beam never scorch  
you by Day, nor the Dew-damps strike you by Night :  
for the Stars tell strange Tales, and, if you are false-  
hearted, Perjury is wrote on the Face of the Moon,  
and every Owl-ey'd Wizzard can read it. For my own  
Part, I care not who sees my Face ; 'tis honest, and  
such as Nature made it ; but there are Spies abroad,  
and therefore I go mask'd.

FREDERICK.

Alas ! poor Wench, thy Reason is defeated. Have  
you no Friends in this Neighbourhood to take Care of  
you ?

AMELIA.

I had a Friend, Sir ; my Soul lov'd him, and my  
Reason approved—but he forsook me, and I lost my  
Wits and my Heart together.

FRE-



THE SUMMER'S TALE. 37

FREDERICK.

There are no Tokens of Insanity in that Expression. There is some Mystery under that Mask ; I'll question her further—[*Aside.*] Then you have lov'd—unsuccessfully lov'd :—therein I pity you ;—our Fortunes in that are alike. I myself adored the fairest of her Sex. [*Half aside.*]

AMELIA.

The fairest did you say ? — Was she indeed the fairest ?

FREDERICK.

I thought her so.—Her Air resembled yours ; her Stature much the same ; and her Voice so near upon a pitch with yours, that, when I hear you speak, methinks I am present with her.

A I R XVIII. \*

[*Bach.*]

*So profound an Impression I bear  
Of the Maid who was my fond Choice,  
Every Nymph that I see has her Air,  
Every Sound that I hear is her Voice.*

*When you sigh, I can think she was true,  
When you smile, I cou'd swear she was kind,  
You give all but her Face to my View,  
And alas ! I see that in my Mind.*

AMELIA.

Is it possible she cou'd be insensible to your Passion ?

FREDERICK.

She has forgot her Madnefs ; I'll encourage this Adventure. [*Aside.*] Alas ! you search too deeply—regardless of her Vows, she is married, and I am abandoned and undone.

F

AMELIA

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THE SUMMER'S TALE. 37

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F

AMELIA

AMELIA.

Married! did you say? Is she married?—What can he mean? Wretch that I am, I am mistaken, and he loves another. *[Aside.]*

FREDERICK.

You muse.—But whom do I speak this to, and what? Come, unmask; if your Features correspond with your Limbs, 'tis cruel to conceal them.

*[Attempts to unmask her.]*

AMELIA.

Not for the World, I beseech you.—Suffer me to ask one Question more for Curiosity's Sake: What was your Mistress's Name?

FREDERICK.

Prithee, Child, (for I speak to thee now as a rational Creature) what Motive can't thou have for asking me that Question?

AMELIA.

No ill one, believe me; yet I confess I am desirous to have it resolved.

FREDERICK.

Sure I have not made a Conquest of this poor Wench's Heart without knowing it; her Enquiries wou'd almost lead me to suspect it. *[Aside.]* Well, I know no Reason there is for concealing my Mistress's Name, since she is now another's:—It was Amelia Hartley.—You are now possess'd of my Story; which I know not how you have drawn from me. I must now leave you; if you have any Afflictions, I sincerely compassionate you, but Insanity I hope is not amongst them. Farewel!

AMELIA.

Hold Sir! Your Compassion is truly amiable, and if you are not afraid to give me the Meeting between the

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 39

the Hours of nine and ten in the Evening, I may perhaps communicate to you some Tidings, that will both surprize and please you.

FREDERICK.

Between the Hours of nine and ten this Evening?—

AMELIA.

Precisely.—

FREDERICK.

I will not fail to meet you : Farewel. [Exit.

A I R XIX.

[Haste.

*Now once again the sportive Train  
Awakes to sprightly Measures,  
Gay Hope succeeds, and with her leads  
A Train of smiling Pleasures.  
See where the torturing Furies fly,  
Pale Grief, Despair and Jealousy,  
Of meagre Cares the ghastly Family.*

SCENE IV.

HENRY discovers himself.

HENRY.

Don't be frighten'd, Mrs. Clara; 'tis I; 'tis a Friend.

AMELIA.

Henry!—What makes thee here?

HENRY.

Thank Heaven she's not so far gone, but what she knows me.—(I beg pardon, Mrs. Clara, for my Boldness)—How she stares!—Alas my Heart bleeds for  
F 2 her!



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her! Do, be persuaded to return home; we are broken-hearted at losing you.—I'll watch you Night and Day, if you need it.

AMELIA.

How came you to know me, and to follow me hither?

HENRY.

Lackaday, how shou'd I fail knowing you? Don't be angry with me, but I have followed you most Part of the Day, yet feared to accost you till now, that I see you have been in Discourse with the young Squire; Fine Folks I know have sometimes foul Thoughts; and in so lone a Place as this is, I was fearful he might offer at some Rudeness; if that had been the Case, I wou'd have been your Defender; nay I was about to come forth when he attempted to unmask you, for, great as he is, I shou'd not stand by and see you wrong'd by any one.

AMELIA.

This honest Creature's Affection to me is distressing.

HENRY.

How sorry am I to see you thus! What a piteous Change have a few Hours brought about! Is a Mind like your's so soon overthrown? Better be born a Clown like me without Wit or Understanding to lose, than be learned to no better Purpose than this.

A I R XX.

[Dunn.]

*See thy Henry still attends thee,  
Still thy humble Friend defends thee,  
Whither has thy Reason stray'd?  
Turn and bear me,  
Do not fear me,  
O thou lost, thou lovely Maid!*

I

AMELIA.

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AMELIA.

Why shou'd I conceal any thing from this honest Creature? Come hither, Henry; don't be alarm'd: my Reason is no worse than it was; I am not mad.

HENRY.

Oh! the Blessing! may I believe it? Then what do you do with all this distracted Geer about you?

AMELIA.

That you shall know in due Time; but tell me now, my good Lad, how can I reward the Services you have done me; pecuniary Gratifications, it seems, your Spirit disdains; what can I do for you?

HENRY.

Nothing; I have deserv'd nothing.

AMELIA.

Nay, but,—consult your Heart.

HENRY.

I dare not; it is not fit I shou'd.

AMELIA.

How, Henry! is there any doubt then of its Honesty?

HENRY.

No, Mrs. Clara, I hope I am honest; but I am sure I am unfortunate.

AMELIA.

Alas poor Youth! Is it in my Power to alleviate your Unhappiness?

HENRY.

Don't ask me that Question; I am but a Clown, and my Answer may offend you.

AMELIA.

I see the Cause of your Uneasiness, and have long regretted it.—I'll tell thee what, Henry, you and I have long been Friends; 'tis fit I shou'd now disclose

to you a Secret. I am not, as you conceive me, a low-born Country Wench, but am of some Rank and considerable Fortune. The Conclusion you will draw from thence may be useful.—I see you are in Surprize at what I have told you, but if you will walk with me to Mrs. Olivia's, I'll tell you why I have assum'd this Appearance of Madness.

HENRY.

I will attend you, Madam.—Heigh ho! how base am I not to rejoice at this Discovery!

AMELIA.

When I relate my Story more at large to you, Henry, you will find that all the Unhappiness I have known in Life has sprung from Love. 'Tis a dangerous Passion, and I wou'd caution every Friend of mine against it.

A I R XXI.

[Stanley.]

*When Love at first Approach is seen,  
His dang'rous Form he veils;  
A playful Infant's barmless Mien  
The fatal God conceals.*

*When soon by us fond Dupes carest  
He acts his trait'rous Part,  
And as we press him to the Breast,  
He steals into the Heart.*

[Exeunt]

SCENE

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 43

SCENE V.

*A Great Hall.*

*Sir ANTONY and PETER.*

SIR ANTONY.

And so, Peter, you can hear no tidings of this Girl Clara yet?

PETER.

No, your Honour, not I: 'tis sarten sure she have left the Farmer's, that's one Thing; but where she has betaken herself, that's another Thing. For my Part I have been at a power of Places in quest of her, up and down, all over the Village, quite from Dame Treacle's Shop at the further End of it, to Parson Sneak's House here by the Church.

SIR ANTONY.

Was ever Accident so cross! every thing in so fair a Posture for Success: the Wind in my favourite Corner, South-west, due as it can blow. Sciffon's Barometer a full Degree on the Rise since Morning, and my Pulse at least ten Thumps in a Minute by a Stop-Watch quicker than it was at our last Interview; I shou'd certainly have retriev'd that Misadventure.—I cannot conceive, Peter, where this provoking Wench has conceal'd herself.

PETER.

Sure I was never so nonplush'd before; and yet I think under Favour, your Worship, I can give a guess where she is.

SIR ANTONY.

Why, where is she, think you?

PETER.

Why I'll stake my Head to a Turnip that she is in our great Pond: Simon saw her walk that way, and 'tis

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'tis my Thoughts she has drowned herself for Love ;  
for your Worship well knows no young Girl can have  
any business by the Water side, unless with that Intent.

SIR ANTONY.

Peter, leave me. There are Moments, in which no  
wise Man cares to be overlooked. Of a certain this  
Clown has hit it ; poor fond Soul ! I shall never have  
an easy Moment more. It has ever been my Fortune  
to be admired by the Fair Sex ; but so melancholy a  
Proof of it I never met with before. I'll instantly give  
Orders for dragging the Pond : she is most certainly  
drown'd : I cannot chuse but weep for her.

A I R XXII.

[Cocchi.]

*Farewel, fond unhappy Creature !*

*See, for me poor Clara dies ;*

*Lightning blast each murd'rous Feature,*

*Blind these fatal, fatal Eyes !*

*Yet what means this fond bewailing !*

*Let the wretched Fair one die ;*

*If my Form is so prevailing,*

*Nature is in Fault, not I.*

SCENE VII. MARIA enters.

So, Mrs. Malapert, are you here ? By my say-so, I  
thought to have seen this Day one of the happiest in  
my Life ; but you are all bent upon thwarting me.  
There's your Brother ; I've been rattling him ; the  
Fellow has lost his Reason, his Understanding, and has  
come home chin-deep in Love. I wou'd have Sir  
William



THE SUMMER'S TALE. 45

William Hartley to know, however, that my Son may without presumption aspire to as good a Match as his Daughter ; especially too when I have bestow'd one of my Children upon an Earl.

MARIA.

Alas ! Sir, that Child has no such Ambition, believe me.

SIR ANTONY.

But, Hussy, I do not believe you : I take it, you are a Woman, born of a Woman, compounded as other Women are, guided by the same Appetites, warm'd by the same Sun, ruffled by the same Wind ; how have you then the Face to tell me that you are not ambitious ?

MARIA.

Dear Sir, have some Compassion upon me, and don't sacrifice me to old Age and Ill-nature, because ennobled by a Title. Alas ! was the Heart consulted in our Alliances, we shou'd not see so many splendid Wretches as we do.

A I R XXIII.

[Howard.]

*And can you see your Daughter kneel ?*

*What Heart so hard as thine ?*

*If e'er it cou'd Compassion feel,*

*It must at Grief like mine.*

*You say, at your supreme Command,*

*I must become a Wife ;*

*Ab ! cruel, when you force my Hand,*

*Why don't you take my Life ?*

G

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

Come, no more of this Affectation ; I have done my Duty by you, and provided you a Husband rich enough to content any moderate Woman : as for all other Requisites, you must look out for yourself, Child ; that's a Matter in which I can't help you.

MARIA.

I take it, Sir, there are other Enjoyments in Life besides what Money affords.

SIR ANTONY.

Oh ! if that be all, go your ways, and make yourself easy upon that Score : for my own Part, I have made it my own Remark, that there are no Marriages so fruitful, as of an old Man with a very young Woman.

MARIA.

I believe I shan't entirely rely upon your Observations, Sir, notwithstanding. [*Afide.*] [*Exit.*]

## SCENE VIII.

PETER enters to Sir ANTONY.

PETER.

Sir, your Worship, his Lordship's Honour is coming.

SIR ANTONY.

Here, Simon, Robin, Thomas, where are all the Fellows got to ?

*Several Servants enter in old fashion'd tawdry Liveries.*

SIMON.

Here, Measter, here ; I was but snatching a bit in the Pantry.

SIR ANTONY.

Come, range yourselves all on that side. So, so !

SCENE

## SCENE VIII.

SHIFTER introduces BELLAFONT as Lord LOVINGTON.

SHIFTER.

Sir Antony, I beg leave to present Lord Lovington to you.

SIR ANTONY.

My Lord Lovington, I am your Lordship's devoted Creature. [*Approaching him with several formal Grimaces.*] A queer old Fellow by the bye. [*Aside.*]

LORD LOVINGTON.

Sir Antony, I am a Man of few Words, and less Ceremony—Your Servant.

SIR ANTONY.

The Honour your Lordship does my humble House in this Visit, and the Occasion of it, makes me eternally your Debtor; yet give me Leave to say, my Lord, you will not mix with a Family utterly ignoble; we can trace a Pedigree in a strait Line from——

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well, well, Sir Antony, give yourself no trouble about the Pedigree of Miss Maria; so long as your Genealogy does not finish with her, it is of little Consequence to me whom it began with. I venerate Antiquity for nothing but for that rough Virtue, that primitive Simplicity of Manners, which distinguished the Æra of our Ancestors from the present Age of Fashion and Refinement. I live as they did, because they were temperate; think as they did, because they were honest; and dress as they did, because I conceive it becomes an old Man better, than to befool himself with such a Load of Frippery Stuff as thou hast put upon thy Back.

G 2

SIR

## THE SUMM R's TALE.

SIR ANTONY.

Your Lordship I perceive is entirely English.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Yes, Sir Antony, I am as you see me, neither more nor less than a plain Englishman; my Ambition aspires no higher.

SIR ANTONY.

Now for my own Part, my Lord, I must confess to you I abominate all English Fashions, Manners and Manufactures: when I was a young Man I was universally known in the *Beau Monde* by the Name of Count Antoine.—No doubt, my Lord, you have travell'd.—

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! yes, Sir Antony, I have had an Itch for Rambling like other idle young Fellows, so I took a Journey into Scotland, and have staid at home contentedly ever since.

A I R XXIV. \*

[Arne.]

*From Clime to Clime  
Let others run;  
From rising to the setting Sun;  
To kill uneasy Time:  
With giddy trembling haste,  
Let the vain Creatures fly,  
To search for dear Variety,  
And catch short Gleams of fluctuating Taste.  
Fixt to my native Spot,  
With Ease and Plenty crown'd,  
Content I look around,  
Nor ask of Heaven a fairer Lot.*

No

# THE SUMMER'S TALE. 49

*No Vineyards here demand my Care,  
No spicy Gales perfume the Air,  
No Citron Groves arise;  
The rugged Soil,  
Hardly obedient to the Peasant's Toil,  
Such soft Luxuriance denies.  
Yet Nature with maternal Hand  
A nobler Dower has giv'n;  
Valour, the Birthright of the Land,  
And Liberty, the choicest Gift of Heaven."*

Well, but when shall I see the young Lady, Sir Antony? Master Shifter's Report of your Daughter makes me desirous of being better known to her. If she can take up with such a plain Man as I am, I shan't grow worse upon Acquaintance; nay perhaps I may prove more to her mind, than she thinks for.

SIR ANTONY.

I don't believe a word of that. — [*Aside.*] — My Daughter shall wait upon your Lordship. — 'Twill never do; she will never endure him. [*Aside.*] Peter, call Maria.

PETER.

Maria!

*[He shifts round Lord Lovington to avoid showing his Shoulder-knot, and presents his Back to the Side Scene, as he calls.]*

SIR ANTONY.

Are those your Manners, Sirrah? Is that the way you speak to my Daughter, Blockhead?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! let him alone, Sir Antony. Now I like that better than all the modern Impertinence of your well-

50 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

well-bred Footmen of Quality. But here the young Lady comes. — [MARIA enters.]—Madam, by your leave. [*Salutes her.*] Why, Lawyer, she as much exceeds your Report, as Westminster Hall does the Old Bailey.

[*He withdraws to the Back Scene with Shifter.*]

MARIA.

A very courtly Comparison truly !

SIR ANTONY.

Maria! Hussy! why don't you speak to his Lordship? Odsheart, you Jade, if you don't behave as you ought, I'll turn Catholick and immure you in a Convent for Life. By the Mass! I think no Father, who is plagued with a great galloping Romp of a Daughter, shou'd be of any other Religion.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, Sir Antony, be not cast down, Man: allow me a few Minutes private Conversation with your Daughter, and perhaps I may be able to bring her into better Humour with me.

SIR ANTONY.

With all my Heart, my Lord.—A perverse ungovernable Girl!—Come, Neighbour Shifter—'tis all over; my Hopes of seeing my Daughter a Countess are all at an End.—He is an absurd old Fellow that's the Truth of it. [*Exeunt Sir Antony, Shifter, and Serv.*]

SCENE IX.

*Lord LOVINGTON and MARIA.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, Madam, I wou'd fain hope, that upon better Acquaintance, you won't find me so disagreeable.

MARIA.



MARIA.

Indeed, my Lord, 'tis in vain to attempt to disguise my Heart; the Disparity that there is in our Manners, our Fortunes, and our Age, makes me despair of Happiness in so disproportionate an Alliance.

A I R XXV. \*

[Arne.]

*In vain you attempt to engage,  
Believe me you have not the Art,  
The feeble Attacks of old Age  
Can never endanger my Heart.*

*The dazling Delights that await  
Upon Grandeur I need not be told;  
You tell me you're wealthy and great,  
'Tis true—but alas! you are old.*

*Few Scruples, you'll say, have been known,  
Which Gold ever fail'd to remove;  
'Tis a pow'rful Temptation I own,  
But ah! what is Life without Love?*

LORD LOVINGTON.

As I suppose my Age is the most staggering Circumstance against me, let me tell you, young Lady, that 'tis more than probable, I am not so old as I appear to be.

[Speaks more in his own Voice.]

MARIA.

No, o' my Conscience are you not, if I guess right. O ho! my Gentleman, is it you? [Aside.]

LORD

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LORD LOVINGTON.

Why how old now do you think I may be ?

MARIA.

I don't know, my Lord, but I should guess about seven or eight and twenty.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Seven or eight and twenty, quotha ? No, no, no : I was not so young as that comes to, seven or eight and twenty Years ago.

MARIA.

May be so ; I can't tell ; I am very ignorant of People's Ages ; but I thought I would not shock your Lordship by guessing yours too high.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Permit me to draw you a Chair, Miss Maria.

MARIA.

Your Contrivance, Mr. Bellafont, shan't pass upon me this Time I can assure you. *[Aside.]*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, sit down. I dare say, pretty one, you have no Objection against being a Peerefs.

MARIA.

I don't know, my Lord, a Title no doubt has its Charms.

LORD LOVINGTON.

And a Woman without Ambition is a Prodigy, a Monster.

MARIA.

Now will I plague him most deliciously. *[Aside.]*—My Heart, my Lord, is entirely disengaged.—For my own Part, I always set my Mind upon marrying a Man of Fortune ; for which Reason I could never endure the Addresses of a Soldier.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Humph ! have you been solicited by any such ?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Why, yes, I have been troubled with such impertinent Pretenders; nay, I must confess I have been most disagreeably importuned by a Nephew of your Lordship's.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Who?—What?—Oh! ay—Bellafont, you mean.—Why I hear a tolerable Report of that young Fellow.

MARIA.

I shou'd be sorry to offend your Lordship; but allow me to tell you, that the Report which says any thing tolerable of Captain Bellafont, must be his own.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Indeed! why I am concerned to hear these Tidings of my Nephew; especially as he is Heir to my Title and Estate, in case of my Son's Decease.—Oh! the abominable mercenary Jilt, what Folly possels'd me to put on this Disguise? [*Aside.*]

MARIA.

It grieves me, my Lord, to give you Pain; but I must seriously entreat you to bring your Nephew here, and in your Presence allow me to give him his final Dismission; nay, I can never think of our Alliance on any other Conditions.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! that I was quit of this Fool's Coat that I might abuse her! [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, your Commands shall be obey'd; my Nephew shall never offend you more.

MARIA.

'Twill be a very acceptable Riddance, I can assure your Lordship. [*Exit Lord Lov.*]

H

MARIA.

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MARIA.

Ha! ha! ha! get thee gone, get thee gone:  
 Poor Bellafont, thou may't be a passable good Sol-  
 dier in the open Field and broad Day-light; but in  
 the Conduct and Contrivance of a Surprize, thou art  
 no Match for me, take my word for it.

A I R XXVI.

[Haste.]

*Away, dissembling Lover!*  
*Your Project I discover,*  
*And see thro' all your Art:*  
*Then fly from Shape to Shape,*  
*Yet hope not to escape,*  
*My Chains enclose your Heart.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT



## A C T III.

## S C E N E I.

*A View of the Country near Sir ANTONY's, with a distant Prospect of the House.*

OLIVIA, AMELIA.

OLIVIA.

**B**ELIEVE me, my dear, I sincerely partake in your Happiness upon this Discovery which you have made of your Lover's Fidelity.

AMELIA.

Dear Madam, you have laid me under eternal Obligations. With the Man of my Heart there is no Condition in Life can be so humble, which I shou'd not infinitely prefer to all that Wealth and Greatness can bestow without him.

OLIVIA.

I applaud your Sentiments, Amelia: but come, it draws towards Evening; and, as we are walking homewards, I will communicate to you a Design which I have form'd for your discovering yourself to Frederick before the Time appointed for your Meeting; for I am determin'd, if possible, to bring Matters to a Conclusion betwixt you before this Day is at an End.

H 2

A I R

## A I R XXVII.

[Ciampi.]

*Thro' these Wilds securely ranging,  
 Grandeur for Content exchanging,  
 Freely I absolve my Fate;  
 Here my Soul without repining  
 Each ambitious Thought resigning,  
 Looks with Pity on the Great.*

[Exeunt.]

## S C E N E II.

BELLAFONT, MARIA.

MARIA.

Very well, Mr. Bellafont, there's an End then to every thing between us: henceforward we are to think of each other no more,

BELLAFONT.

Never; never. I wou'd banish from my Memory, if possible, the very Name of Maria.

MARIA.

You carry this Matter very triumphantly truly.

BELLAFONT.

I suppose your Vanity expected some Gratification upon this Occasion; but it wou'd be strange Folly in me to bewail a Separation, which I must ever consider as the most fortunate Event in my Life.

MARIA.

No doubt it must have been strange Indiscretion in you to have thrown away so much Merit upon a Woman with poor Twenty thousand Pounds to her Fortune.—To be sure, Captain, you have Views of a much higher Sort.

BELLAFONT.



BELLAFONT.

I have indeed Worth and Honour; and a noble Mind shall be the Portion of the Woman I aspire to; these are the Qualities, which I once thought I discover'd in Maria; and for which alone I admired her: all other Possessions I look on with disdain.

MARIA.

Now cou'd I run into his Arms, but for the dear Delight of tormenting him a little longer: he has won my Heart by the noble Manner in which he renounces it. [*Aside.*] Hold, Mr. Bellafont, don't let us part in this abrupt Manner; your Regards for me must have been very insincere, to be laid aside with so much Indifference.

BELLAFONT.

Why shou'd I complain, and to whom? O Maria, what Youth and Beauty art thou about to sacrifice to Vanity and Ambition! Just Heaven, how blest we might have been! Wealth and Grandeur indeed I cou'd not have endow'd thee with; but an honest and faithful Heart is an Oblation which a generous Woman wou'd have prefer'd before them.

A I R XXVIII. Duetto. [Bach.]

Bel. *Yes, 'tis plain, she sees me tremble,  
While I tear her from my Heart.*

Mar. *Sure he knows I but dissemble,  
When I tell him to depart.*

Bel. *Love, away! thou hast betray'd me.*

Mar. *Pity, hence! Resentment aid me.*

Bel. *I renounce thee, venal Beauty,  
Thus I tear thee from my Heart.*

Mar. *Haughty Lover, know thy Duty,  
See without a Sigh I part.*

[Exit Bellafont.  
SCENE

## SCENE III.

BELLAFONT *remains.*

She's gone. — Well, farewell to her, base ungenerous Woman! — I am ashamed to find what hold she had taken of my Heart, by the pain it gives me to wrest it from her Possession.

FERDINAND *enters, speaks in the Side Scene.*

Well, Sir —

BELLAFONT.

Well, Ferdinand —

FERDINAND.

What, you're agreed then ; all's over, is it not ?

BELLAFONT.

Yes, all is over.

FERDINAND.

I am glad on't ; I congratulate you with all my Heart ; and pray, Sir, when is it to be ?

BELLAFONT.

What does the Coxcomb mean ? When is what to be ?

FERDINAND.

Why, when are you and Madam Maria to be married ?

BELLAFONT.

Never, I tell you never. — And hark'ee, Sir, dare not for your Life, Sirrah, not for your Life ever mention to me that Name again.

*[Seizing him by the Collar.]*

FERDINAND.

I am dumb, Sir, I am dumb ; and if you don't let go my Throat, shall be so in earnest.

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

I wou'd have you so, at least on this Subject. —  
 But I correct myself, and am ashamed of my Passion. —  
 This Woman, Ferdinand, puts me beside myself. —  
 Your mistake certainly did not merit so rough a Reproof,  
 nor your Services. — I am sorry for what I have done. —  
 Ferdinand! — I am determined to see this Woman once  
 again — (why don't you speak?) — but it shall be in the  
 Character of Lord Lovington; I will draw her on to  
 consent to marry me in that Disguise, and then dis-  
 cover myself and upbraid her. — Hah! what think  
 you? — Will it not be excellent Revenge? — Why  
 don't you answer?

FERDINAND.

I say nothing, Sir, I am resolved upon that; but I  
 can't help thinking tho' that the truest Revenge you  
 cou'd take wou'd be to marry her first, and discover  
 yourself afterwards.

## A I R XXIX.

*When a Maid's in the Mind to marry,  
 He's an Ass that thinks she'll tarry;  
 Take my word there's no Time to dally,  
 Pr'ythee don't stand shilly, shally,  
 Shilly, shally, foolish Man!*

*Shou'd she look before she leaps, Sir,  
 Or not wed before she sleeps, Sir,  
 You are left in the lurch; all is over!  
 She is fled to some happier Lover,  
 And you may go bang, foolish Man!*

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*A Hall in Sir ANTONY'S House.*

FREDERICK, MARIA.

MARIA.

And do you intend to keep this Assignment?

FREDERICK.

Punctually.

MARIA.

'Tis a strange Adventure. An Intrigue with a Mask in this Place, and at these Times, has a mighty romantick Air with it: and I cannot help thinking that your Damsel is distracted in reality, as well as appearance.

FREDERICK.

She is in her perfect Senses I will engage for her, but she has almost deprived me of mine; for she so exactly resembles in Voice, Air and Deportment, her whom I once call'd my Amelia, that my Heart has been strangely agitated ever since I saw her; and I cannot help being as impatient for a second Interview, as if I was actually to meet the Object of my Affection.

MARIA.

She is much beholden to her Mask I dare say; and o'my Conscience were all Men's Imaginations as lively as your's is, Frederick, the Women wou'd do well to copy her Fashion; but it should seem by the present Mode of Dressing, as if they were apprehensive that the Men would give them Credit for no other Beauties, than those which they expose.

FERDI-

THE SUMMER'S TALE. 61

FREDERICK.

Upon my word we are much beholden to the Ladies for their fair and open Dealing with us.

MARIA.

Come, my dear Brother, Moralizing don't become us; and I take it you are rather too young to reason the Fair Sex out of their Coquetries.

A I R XXX. [Piccini.]

*Vain Attempt to rail at Pleasure,  
Leave the World to mend at Leisure;  
Sour Ill-nature, far away!  
Innocence is always gay.*

*Others Lives severely noting,  
Every Error gladly quoting,  
Age, I leave that Task to thee:  
What are others Faults to me?*

FREDERICK.

Well, Maria, since you have made me the Confidante of your Passion for my Friend Bellafont, suffer me in my turn to ask you in which of his Characters you intend to marry him; for I take it for granted you (like all other Clients in the Affair of Marriage) determined upon the Deed, before you took Counsel on the Expediency of it.

MARIA.

Why, to speak the Truth, I do find myself strangely disposed to chuse for myself in this matter, notwithstanding my grave Father's Remonstrances; and if Bellafont owes me any thing for my Preference on this occasion, he must thank you for it; for I verily believe  
I it

## 62 THE SUMMER'S TALE.

it was your Report of him that turn'd the Scale : however, I am determin'd his foolish Conceit of Lord Lovington shall not pass with me ; I scorn Deceit myself, and shall not easily brook it in him.

FREDERICK.

Maria, I love Bellafont, and I think he deserves you; a higher Encomium I need not bestow upon him. Now tho' there can be no greater degree of Happiness, than to be in Possession of the Object of one's Affection, yet Penury will chill that Happiness, if not destroy it. — There are few Passions can stand the Indelicacies of Distress. — Not only your Fortune, Sister, but mine also depends upon my Father, and he you know is obstinate by Prescription. You must not expect his Forgiveness. — A Man may be fooled out of his Reason, but who was ever yet reason'd out of his Folly?

A I R XXXI.

[Giardini.]

*Parents think our Inclination  
N<sup>o</sup>er shou'd fix till they approve ;  
Lost to every soft Sensation,  
They forget what 'tis to love.*

*Void of every generous Passion,  
Lovers now with sordid Art,  
(Such the World's disgraceful Fashion)  
Woo the Interest, not the Heart.*

*Thou alone alike regarding  
Wealth and Titles with Disdain,  
Worth with equal Worth rewarding,  
Lov'st, and art below'd again.*

PETER



PETER enters.

Sir, a Servant, who says he came Express from Sir William Hartley's, brought this Letter for you.

FREDERICK.

Sir William Hartley's?—What can it be? Hah! from young Hartley!—*[Reads a Letter.]*

“Dear FREDERICK,

“We are in the greatest Affliction, from which no  
“body but you can deliver us. My Sister Amelia, in  
“order to avoid a compell'd Marriage with Lord  
“Wealthy, has privately betaken herself from us,  
“and hitherto escaped the most diligent Search. As  
“we are well assur'd that her Attachment to you  
“was the Cause of this Elopement, so we persuade  
“ourselves, that you are at this Time privy to her  
“Concealment. If you are the Man of Honour I  
“esteem you to be, you will approve yourself such on  
“this delicate Occasion, and restore her to her Family  
“without delay. On these Conditions I am bid to tell  
“you, that you will be received with open Arms;  
“your Affections will be no longer combated, but  
“Amelia may be honourably yours.—The Alternative  
“I forbear to mention, because I will not suppose my-  
“self otherwise than your faithful and affectionate  
“Friend

GEO. HARTLEY.”

Am I awake? Have I my Senses? Do I see and hear and read it right? Is Amelia then unmarried? and shall she yet be mine? But hold—in a Postscript he adds—

“Lord Wealthy's Conduct since Amelia's Absence  
“has been such, as leaves us no room to regret the  
“Disappointment of his Alliance.”

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MARIA.

Was ever so fortunate an Event ? Dear Frederick, how happy do these Tidings make me !

FREDERICK.

I believe thee from my Soul ; but here is News in another Postscript, which will make you still happier, if I am not out of my guesses.—Shall I read it ? Is your Resolution Proof against good Fortune, as well as ill ? He tells me here, “ that his Neighbour Lord Lovington is dead of an Apoplectick Fit, occasion-  
“ ed, as is supposed, by the Shock he received at  
“ hearing that his Son had lost his Life in a drunken  
“ Frolick at Naples. That Captain Bellafont was Heir  
“ to his Title and Fortune, and that an Express had  
“ been sent after him to Salisbury, where he had  
“ lately been upon the breaking of his Regiment.”

Well, Maria,—how like you all this ? Fortune is in a giving Mood, and throws us Wealth, Titles and Happiness in abundance.

MARIA.

Tho' I cannot but rejoice at Bellafont's Prosperity, yet I must regret the Opportunity I have lost of shewing the disinterested Regard I have for him.

FREDERICK.

'Tis better as it is.—It's an obsolete Notion that Love and Virtue are to be found only in a Cottage ; present Experience shews us that it is possible for them to reside in a Palace. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

*Lord LOVINGTON to MARIA.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well, young Lady, before we conclude this Bargain for Life, it will not be amiss if we come to some previous Explanation with each other.

MARIA.

As your Lordship pleases.

LORD LOVINGTON.

For my own Part I shall act ingenuously with you ; It must be but little Comfort you can in Reason expect from an old Man like me ; but perhaps that little you look for, may be more than you are likely to receive.

MARIA.

My Wishes, my Lord, are soon bounded : I have been early taught to obey my Father's Will and Pleasure, and shall easily learn to submit myself to yours.

LORD LOVINGTON.

But suppose I am too capricious to will any thing, and too difficult to be pleas'd with any body.—

MARIA.

My Patience shall subdue your Caprice, and my Tears shall soften your Anger.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Pshaw ! if you weep, I shall laugh at you ; and if you are merry, I shall hate you : Your Tears will only persuade me you are a Hypocrite, and your Smiles would convince me that you was plotting my Dishonour.

MARIA.

That is hard : but a silent and respectful Obedience to all your Humours, may leave you without Suspicion or Complaint.

LORD

LORD LOVINGTON.

No; impossible; your Silence I shall interpret to be Sullenness, and whatever you speak, I shall think it Impertinence; in short, tho' I wou'd marry you for your Beauty, I shall scorn you for your Meanness: Add to that, altho' I am wealthy to Excess, yet I am tormented with an eternal reaching after more; all within me is a Chaos of clamorous Desires, all without Infirmary and Disease.—Well, Madam, I have now done; for, tho' you can take up with a Character of this Sort, I cannot; it is Time for me to lay it down, and re-assume my own.

MARIA.

O Mr. Bellafont, be in no hurry about that; it is really a very pretty diverting kind of Dialogue; and if it is any Amusement to you to carry it on, I am at your Service.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Why! what! did you know me then all this while, notwithstanding this Disguise?

MARIA.

What Disguise? Your Dress indeed is a little particular; but, as you are now Lord Lovington, I concluded it was some Family Fashion.

LORD LOVINGTON.

I Lord Lovington?—

MARIA.

Why, ay, are you not? Can you, as a Man of Honour, seek to impose yourself upon me for what you are not? As for the Description you give me of your Person and Disposition, I ascribe all that to an amiable Diffidence of yourself, which is a Quality I have always remarked in you with singular Satisfaction.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Heyday! I am in a fine Dilemma: I really find myself mighty ridiculous.

MARIA.

## AIR XXXII. \*

[Arne.]

*When a Freak has got in  
Such a Head for plotting,  
Can a simple Maid withstand?  
With such Art assailing,  
You are so prevailing  
I must yield both Heart and Hand.*

*With a Mate so loving,  
All my Ways approving,  
O how blest will be my Lot?  
If I seem too easy,  
'Tis my Zeal to please you,  
Think of that, and scorn me not.*

*Nay, never doubt; here's my Hand!—I consent:  
How bashful you stand!—'Tis too late to repent.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well! I deserve to be laugh'd at, I confess; but dear Maria, let me beseech you seriously to tell me, wou'd you have carried this Adventure through, and been disinterested enough to marry an honest Fellow like me without a Doit?

MARIA.

It is an Honour, my Lord, which I shou'd infallibly have accepted.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Nay, but be serious.—

MARIA.

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MARIA.

Hush! here comes my Father; compose yourself; all will be well; only remember you are now my Lord Lovington.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Yes, yes, I am Lord Lovington; never fear me.—  
Generous Maria!

SCENE VII.

*Enter Sir ANTONY and FREDERICK.*

SIR ANTONY.

Well, my Lord, are you and my Daughter come to a right Understanding yet?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Perfectly, Sir Antony; I find her all Gentleness and Compliance.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, Maria, I hope I shall now shortly have the Happiness of seeing my Daughter a Countess.

MARIA.

I hope so too, Sir; but I can't persuade this Gentleman to believe it.

SIR ANTONY.

Believe it? What do you mean, Girl, what do you mean? His Lordship here is willing to have you, is he not? You heard him say so this very Moment.

LORD LOVINGTON

What Frolick has she got in her Head now? [*Aside.*

MARIA.

Very true, Sir, I heard him say he was ready to marry me; but I can't persuade him that he is Lord Lovington, and I am determined to have no one but him.

SIR ANTONY.

Not Lord Lovington? Are you mad, Hussy? Who is he then? who is he?

MARIA.



MARIA.

I know not, Sir, not I: but he insisted upon it just now that he was Captain Bellafont, and would be Lord Lovington no longer.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! the insufferable Jilt!

SIR ANTONY.

Why I am thunderstruck! Bellafont? — Captain Bellafont? — Who are you, Sir, and what are you?

FREDERICK.

Let me look a little nearer: — 'Tis even so! my Friend Charles Bellafont, as I live! Ha! ha! ha! Why how whimsical this is! What, in Masquerade?

SIR ANTONY.

Masquerade, do you call it? Why 'tis a most wicked and abominable Imposition. — But come, Sir, decamp, move off, before you are forc'd to a more precipitate Retreat.

MARIA.

Hold, Sir, you are mistaken; I insist upon it he is Lord Lovington.

LORD LOVINGTON.

'Tis false; I am not: nor wou'd I accept the Wealth of the Indies with an Encumbrance like thee tack'd to it, were it thrown at my Feet.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

LORD LOVINGTON.

'Tis very well; laugh on, 'tis mighty well; but by Heaven! Mr. Frederick, you shall repent your Jeering. — As for you, Madam —

K

AIR

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

A I R XXXIII. \*

[Arnold.]

*Give me back my Heart, Seducer !*

*Thus my Freedom I regain :*

*Fury tempts me to accuse her ;*

*Pride forbids me to complain.*

*Thus I tear my Chains asunder :*

*How can Heaven withhold its Thunder ?*

*See ! she triumphs in my Pain !*

[Going.]

FREDERICK.

Come, Bellafont, we have carried this Jest far enough : you are really as she tells you, Lord Lovington ; and, if you won't take my Word for it, you may read that Paper. You will pardon a little harmless Rallery, and, if you are serious in your Esteem for my Sister, I am confident my Father and his Family will think themselves highly honour'd in your Lordship's Alliance.

LORD LOVINGTON.

My Uncle and my Cousin both dead !—If this be so, Maria, my Ambition indeed will be satisfied, but my Happiness 'tis you only can bestow.

SIR ANTONY.

Why, how is all this, Frederick ? Sometimes he is a Lord, and sometimes he is none.—What is the Truth ?

FREDERICK.

This Letter, Sir, will explain it to you ; indeed I wou'd recommend the Whole to your Perusal.

LORD LOVINGTON.

In good Truth, I am thoroughly ashamed of this Disguise, and cou'd laugh as heartily as either of you at the ridiculous Figure I must have made in this Transaction.

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SIR ANTONY.

Well, there is some Sense in this. [*Returning the Letter.*] My Lord, I heartily congratulate you, and beg a thousand Pardons for my Incivility to you.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! Sir Antony, mention it not, lest you bring me to the Blush.—

SIR ANTONY.

By my say-so, this is an Event that will make no small Figure upon Paper; I am only concern'd that my Part has not been so brilliant as I cou'd wish; but I must help that out in the Relation. This Jade Clara has cruelly disarrang'd my Matters; no where to be found, either by Land or Water: Well, well, we have not drag'd the Pond for nothing. Now Frederick cou'd we but find where Clara, — pshaw — I mean where Miss Hartley has hid herself, I might dispose of both my Children at once. Ods Life! I wou'd it was come to that!

A I R XXXIV.

[Vernon.]

*When my Children are wedded all and gone,  
With a this Way, that Way, and every Way;  
And a happy Day will be that Day,  
When they've left me to myself alone,  
With a this Way, &c.  
And I won'd they were gone every one.*

*Then will I seek out for a Wife,  
With a this Way, &c.  
And a happy Day will be that Day,  
When I renew a wedded Life,  
With a this Way, &c.  
For every Way I'll please my Wife.*

*Bus*

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*But shou'd she prove wayward, pert and bold,  
With a this Way, &c.*

*What a luckless Day wou'd be that Day,  
When I lighted first upon a Scold,  
With a this Way, &c.*

*Ab! what Way's left for me that am old!*

SCENE VIII.

OLIVIA enters with AMELIA brought in by a numerous  
Rabble of Peasants; HENRY following at some Dis-  
tance.

SIR ANTONY.

Heyday! who have we got here? Is the whole  
Parish stung with the Gadfly? What's the Matter  
with you all?

OLIVIA.

Why these honest People have a strange Story to  
tell you, Sir Antony.

1st PEASANT.

[Yes, and please your Worship, we have a strange Story  
to tell you: But things have gone very cross with us all  
this Harvest through; a Power of mildew'd Grain—  
Farmer Chaff's Horses are in a Manner eat up with  
the Botts, one and all—and Master Grubb's Cows  
are sorely pester'd with the Tail-worm; so that we are  
fit to think, please your Worship, that the poor Beasties  
are Hag-ridden, as it were.

SIR ANTONY to AMELIA.

Well, Child, is it you have done all this? I see  
you are a Dealer in the Black Art.—

[Pointing to her Mask.

1st PEASANT.

Noa, your Honour, we don't directly say so; but  
we were a little dubilous about the young Woman,  
so we'll pray your Worship to examine her a bit.

# THE SUMMER'S TALE. 73

FREDERICK.

O Neighbours, leave her to me ; I'll examine her.

1st PEASANT.

We are much beholden to your Honour : Pray you now, young Gentleman, ask her why she wears that black Thing athwart her Face, whereof I can take my Bible Oath on't that she is sometimes as slightly a young Woman to look at, as ever my Eyes beheld ; and why she keeps hanging about the Grove at the Bottom of the Paddock ; there can be no good Intent in that.

SIR ANTONY.

Go, ye simple People, get home, and leave the young Woman with us.

HENRY, *to one of the PEASANTS.*

I am asham'd, Gaffer Dowling, to see an old Man like you make himself such a Fool. [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

SIR ANTONY.

Well, young Woman, let us know why you are masked, and what your Business is in these Parts ?

AMELIA.

My Profession, Sir, is Fortune-telling ; I deal with the Stars.

SIR ANTONY.

I rather believe 'tis with the Moon.

AMELIA.

Give me your Hands. [*Taking Sir Antony with one Hand, and Frederick with the other.*]

A I R XXXV. [Arnold.]

*You love, and are below'd again.* [To Frederick.]

*You love, alas ! but love in vain.* [To Sir Ant.]

*The Grove.—The Garden was the Scene.*

*You've been to blame—*

Oh ! fie for Shame,

With Hairs so grey to wear a Head so green ;

Your Maid is fled.—Your Mistress gone :

*Yet both these Losses are but one :*

*I, who conceal'd her, can restore.*

Lament !—Rejoice !

*Here is my Choice !*

*Come take, Oh ! take, and never quit me more.*

*[Unmasks, and runs into Frederick's Arms.]*

FREDERICK.

O transporting Surprise ! Do I behold thee ? do I again embrace thee, my dear, my destin'd Amelia ?

MARIA.

Amelia - - - ?

LORD LOVINGTON.

What do I see ? my Cousin Emily Hartley ? Why this is fortunate beyond Description.

MARIA.

Bless me, my Lord, is Miss Hartley your Cousin ?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Even so—and if my Hopes don't flatter me, our Alliance is in a way to be improved.

SIR ANTONY.

What do I hear ? And are you, that was my Clara, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley ?

AMELIA.

I am, Sir, and can you be generous enough to forgive my Preference of your Son before you ?

SIR ANTONY.

Oh ! no more of that I charge you. 'Tis well we are wiser than our Children, for certainly they have some unaccountable Advantages over us.



THE SUMMER'S TALE. 75

FREDERICK.

O my Amelia, I have News for thee, which I flatter myself you will be pleased with : your Friends are impatient to receive you, and have consented to our Union.

AMELIA.

Then is my Joy compleat. Now had I but a Friend that cou'd relate to them this Day's Events, as they really have happen'd—

HENRY.

You have a Friend, Madam, an humble and a faithful one ; ready to undertake that Office, or any other you can lay upon him.

AMELIA.

I thank thee, my good Henry, and will accept your Services. Frederick, I have much to tell thee of this Youth, whom I desire you will love for my sake.

FREDERICK.

I know him well : his Fortune shall be my Care.

HENRY.

Thank Heaven ! I shall now be absent, when she is married. [*Aside.*]

[*Exit Henry.*]

AMELIA.

Sir Antony, as I crost your Lawn I found your Harvest Folks assembled at their Sports ; the Serenity of the Evening, and the Chearfulness of the Scene, compose the most agreeable sight in Nature.

MARIA.

Oh ! by all Means, Sir, let us go thither ; Joy is pleasing in whatsoever Shape it appears.

SIR ANTONY.

Let this then be a Day of general Happiness !

LORD LOVINGTON.

For my own Part I contemplate all rural Pastimes with Reverence and Delight. The natural Expressions of an innocent Joy in a free and happy People are in my Sense the most grateful Oblation that can be offer'd in return for such Blessings.

AIR

THE SUMMER TALE.

AIR XXXVI.

[Richter.]

Lord Lov. *Happy Nation! who possessing  
Nature's Gifts in full Increase,  
Sees around thee every Blessing,  
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Amelia. *Fields where golden Ceres waving  
Glistens in the ripening Season  
Streams their fertile Bordersaving  
Scattering Riches as they run,*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Ered. *Meads, where Flocks and Herds disporting  
Gayly paint the chequer'd Vale;  
Groves, where happy Shepherds courting,  
Softly breathe their amorous Tale.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! &c.*

Maria. *Cooling Zephyrs gently blowing  
Fragrance from the flow'ry Plains;  
Temperate Skies serenely glowing;  
Virtuous Nymphs and valiant Swains.*

Chor. *Happy Nation! who possessing  
Nature's Gifts in full Increase,  
Sees around thee every Blessing,  
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.*

THE END.